

# THE DAYSPRING.

*"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."*

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KATIE'S PROMISE.

For The Dayspring.

## ANCIENT ENGLISH HOSPITALS.



UR modern ideas connected with hospitals are different in many respects from the associations we should have had with them in England, some seven or eight hundred years since. *Then*, as there were no inns nor hotels, they usually united the entertainment of travellers with the care of the sick.

These travellers were usually pilgrims and strangers, both men and women, on their way to renowned shrines; such as the great shrines at Canterbury, Chichester, and Winchester.

A hospital was called "*Maison Dieu*" or "*Domus Dei*," that is "God's House," and was generally founded at a seaport town or near the sea to accommodate pilgrims, there being a "*Domus Dei*" at Southampton, another at Portsmouth, one at Dover, Arundel, &c.

A hospital was customarily within the walls of the town, where the population in the immediate vicinity might have assistance in case of sickness; for in those days the Brethren were generally the only persons who at all understood the art of medicine. The master was sometimes a layman, but the office was usually filled by a priest.

At that time the houses of the poor were most miserable; and dirt, salt diet, and ignorance of all sanitary laws, produced the most loathsome diseases, such as leprosy, &c., and made life very short. Nothing but constant out-of-door occupation saved some districts from being depopulated by disease; so that good men and women deemed it a privilege to found hospitals, where the sick and suffering could be cared for.

Some hospitals consisted merely of "a long vaulted hall, divided into bays by pil-

lars; at one end being the porch or vestibule, at the other invariably a chapel. The central portion of the hall was kept free, the occupants being housed in the side aisles, that is, the wings of the building; the hall being lighted by the clere-stories, being the upper row of windows in a church, rising clear above the adjoining parts of the building."

In connection with *Reading Abbey* in Berkshire, was a hospital for the reception of twelve lepers, founded by the second abbot, about 1150. Some years after the eighth abbot founded another hospital for the *poor* and for those pilgrims who were not allowed to enter the abbey. The Church of St. Laurence was given in this grant for ever to this hospital, for the purpose of maintaining thirteen *poor* persons, thirteen more to be maintained with the usual alms of the abbey; for the abbot had observed and lamented a partiality in caring for the rich in preference to the *poor*.

Near Lincoln, in Lincolnshire, is the *Malandry*, or House for Lepers, founded by the first Norman Bishop, who accompanied William the Conqueror to England in 1066.

At a short distance from the city of Winchester, in Hampshire, is the

### HOSPITAL OF ST. CROSS,

which escaped the ruin that fell upon most of these establishments under Henry VIII.

This *Domus Dei* was founded by Bishop de Blois, brother of King Stephen, in 1133, the numerous buildings thereof enclosing a court or square. In this hospital "*thirteen poor men were to reside constantly and be cared for, each one being allowed daily a loaf of good wheat bread of three pounds weight, a gallon and a half of small beer, a dish of fish or meat, and a pottage made of milk and wastel-bread, — the latter being a*



kind of fine white bread, at that time used only by the nobles."

Provision was also made for *one hundred* poor men who should come *daily* to the hospital, and were fed in the apartment still called "Hundred Men's Hall."

The Hospital of St. Cross had a master, a steward, four chaplains or priests, thirteen brethren, and seven choristers.

After many years this Domus Dei was rebuilt by Cardinal Beaufort, and endowed for the support of thirty-five additional resident members, who should all be those men who had fallen into poverty from a state of affluence; he also added two more priests and three *nuns*; for it was deemed better for the sick that some sisters should administer to them.

Although part of the numerous buildings of St. Cross are now pulled down and others are out of repair, yet thirteen poor brethren, with a master, steward, and chaplain still reside there; and certain doles of bread are distributed to the poor of the neighborhood at particular times; also a piece of bread and a horn of beer are given to every person who knocks at the porter's lodge and asks for aid, being a remnant of the ancient charity and hospitality.

The buildings connected with this hospital were numerous. On the east side of the court was the *Ambulatory*, intended for walking in, which was enclosed by a colonnade and was one hundred and thirty-five feet in length, the rooms above which were used for the Infirmary and the cells for the Sisters. On one side of the Infirmary was a window opening to the church, through which the patients as they lay in their beds might attend to the divine service.

The ancient kitchens and the Hundred Men's Hall are on the north side of the court, the entrance to which is under a lofty gothic tower, in which hangs the *Cur-*

*few Bell*, which continues to sound the time for extinguishing fires and lights at eight o'clock in the evening, as ordained by William the Conqueror, eight hundred years ago.

Every Domus Dei had invariably a chapel or a church connected with it. The Church of St. Cross is on the south side of the court, the nave with the choir being one hundred and fifty feet in length, and the width of the church at the transepts is one hundred and twenty feet. Within the choir are sixteen stalls.

The *nave* "is the middle or body of a church, extending from the principal entrance to the choir, being between the aisles." The *aisles* are "the wings of the building." The *choir* or *chancel* "is separated from the nave by a railing or a screen, usually of open work, and is appropriated to the use of the officiating clergymen." The seats within the choir for the clergy are called *stalls*; for "the dignified clergy out of humility have called their thrones by the name of 'stalls,'—a stall being a stable or place for cattle." The *transept* "is that part of a church which projects at right angles to the high central portion of either nave or choir, and is of equal or nearly equal height. Transepts are always arranged in pairs; a projection on one side of the building being always accompanied by a corresponding one on the other side."

Chapels "were annexed to the church in the recesses on the sides of the aisles."

MAUD RIBBERFORD.

THE "National Baptist" says that a little boy thinks it is very funny that an elephant always carries a trunk, when he doesn't wear any clothes.

## A SERMON IN RHYME, ABOUT ANTS.

*Read before the Hope Chapel Sunday School, Newport, R. I.*

DEAR CHILDREN, — Ever since I read,  
In those young days that long ago fled,  
The proverb of Solomon, where it says,  
"Go to the ant and consider her ways,  
Thou sluggard! and learn from her to be wise,"  
I have loved to study with curious eyes,  
As often as I had a chance,  
The houses and the habits of ants;  
And read with eagerness books that describe  
The dwellings and doings of that tiny tribe;  
For charming as any novel to me  
Are the wonders of the ant and bee.

Ant, bee, and caterpillar — each a mystery —  
Are the A. B. C. of natural history.  
But this time I shall begin with A,  
And only write about ants to-day.  
The knowledge we have of ants, I guess,  
Is *superficial*, more or less.  
At least, I, for one, know more about bees, —  
A great deal more, — than I do of these.  
You can look right into a hive, and see  
The actual labor of the bee;  
All children have seen and know full well  
"How skillfully she builds her cell;"  
And then how neatly she spreads the wax; —  
These are plain and visible facts;  
We don't need human testimony  
To tell us how bees store up their honey.  
But with ants you've a *darker* road to travel, —  
They build their chambers under the gravel.  
And I never could guess how it ever was found  
What ants are doing under the ground;  
For you can't turn a sand-hill inside out, —  
Then how can you tell what they're busy about?  
And yet it is known — for I've seen it in books —  
Just how the inside of an ant-hill looks.  
How it looks on the *outside*, I need not say,  
For *that* you can, each of you, see every day;  
A round hill of sand with a hole in the top,  
Which a child with the point of a pencil might  
stop;  
And over the hill, running round, two and fro,  
Those little black mites all the time on the go.  
But, mites as they are to the smallest of you,  
These mites still have minds; yes, and hearts, in  
them, too.

They are thinkers and toilers; *these mites work with might*;

They build these great pyramids up in a night.  
From the door on the roof, there are lanes running round

To chambers with pillars built under the ground.  
And one *large* hall there is, where they all meet together,

To talk, I suppose, of their work or the weather.  
The ants know each other, and, when brothers meet,  
With arms, called *antennae*, each other they greet.  
When one ant faints under his load on the track,  
His brother behind takes him up on his back.  
And once, by an ant that was wounded, they found  
Another that poured some black stuff on the wound,  
Which shows that they have good Samaritans, too,  
Who go about, seeing what good they can do.

But these wise little ants, I am sorry to say,  
Have not wisdom enough to keep out of the way  
Of that terrible giant called man: you would think  
That their houses were purposely built on the brink  
Of destruction, — they choose beaten paths, where  
the tread

Of a foot stamps out houses, and leaves thousands dead.

Go out summer mornings, — what myriads swarm  
The clean garden walks, never dreaming of harm!  
The round roofs look clean as a new-sanded floor;  
A little green tree or a rock shades the door;  
But a *coming event casts its shadow before*.  
A terrible object comes dark o'er the path,  
As a slide from the mountain descends in its wrath,  
And a populous village that rose over night,  
In an instant, like Goldau, is whelmed out of sight.  
And yet, like the peasants that live year by year  
At the foot of volcanoes, and still have no fear,  
These poor little ants at their patient work plod,  
Because they have so been instructed by God.  
He sees the destruction of every ant-hill,  
And all things, however to us they seem ill,  
Fulfill His wise purpose; then here from the dust  
Let us look up with reverence, and tremble and  
trust!

C. T. B.

It is said that a new article has been invented for trousers for boys. It has a copper seat, sheet-iron knees, riveted seams, and water-proof pockets to hold broken eggs.



## TOM'S STORY.

BY AUNT KATE.

"I FINK it is berry warm, and the hammock ought to be swunged up," said the "Doctor," as he sailed into the sewing-room, with the rim of his hat torn, and a hole in the knee of his first pants.

"Come, Tom, you 'tend to it!" said the young man, walking up to a young gentleman who was reading a newspaper.

Tom threw down the paper, laughing.

"Well, Doctor, what is it? Your wooden horse broke his leg, or the tip-cart come to grief?"

"No, sir," answered the Doctor, promptly; "but I am tired out, and want the hammock under the trees. You know it now!"

"You'll take cold, old fellow! It is too early in the season yet; too soon for sleeping out of doors."

The Doctor began to whimper.

"The sun shines, and a bird sunged right over my head, and I saw two flowers out in the garden, and—you're real mean, Tom Lacy, to laugh!"

Cousin Tom was spending a few days with the Doctor's mother; and, much as he admired his wide-awake little relative, he could not help teasing him.

No sooner did the children in the next garden see the hammock swinging back and forth than they ran into the house and asked permission to play with "Doctor Lacy." In half an hour Cousin Tom had them all around him,—three little girls and one boy, besides his little cousin.

"I say, Doctor," whispered Willie Needham, "ask your cousin to tell us a story, will you?"

"I'd rather play," said the Doctor.

"Please ask him," said Lilly, looking straight into the Doctor's black eyes with her pretty blue ones. "It would be so nice out here!"

The Doctor threw down his ball, and called at once,—

"Cousin Tom, Lilly wants you to tell a story!"

Cousin Tom looked at Lilly, who had covered her face with her little fat hands, partly for fun, partly for fear of the handsome young gentleman.

"Suppose *you* tell *me* a story, Miss Lilly," said Tom.

"I don't know any," she answered. "Papa calls me 'Beg-a-yarn;' and I *do* love to hear folks tell good long stories."

"And you never *think* stories?" asked Tom. "Do you never keep your eyes open, and dream of the beautiful dresses you will have when you grow big,—the sparkling diamonds, the carriage and horses? Eh, Miss Lilly?"

"No, never," said the child, forgetting her bashfulness, and looking at him steadily. "What's the use? If I grow up big, and want them, why, they'll come to me. If I don't, they won't."

Tom laughed.

"I dream some sometimes about songs and flowers," said Sadie. "And the music is so sweet I hate to wake up. And everybody is kind in *dreams*."

Tom turned to look at the speaker, but he did not laugh this time; and Sadie looked frightened at her boldness.

Now Sadie had a nice home, a father and a mother, who stood well in the community and church, and two or three brothers and sisters.

"What is the trouble?" said Tom. "I wonder if they are all too busy and brilliant to notice this little sensitive plant?"

"How many want a story?" he asked aloud, for all the other words were whispered to Tom's self. Every little throat opened wide, and every one, even the Doctor, shouted, "*I!*"

"Once upon a time, a great giant lived in a beautiful palace, which he furnished in a very elegant manner. He had several little children, some boys and some girls, all of them very pretty, and about as good as the children of other people. One of the giant's little daughters was full of fun. She had bright, laughing eyes, and a queer little mouth that would dimple with laughter even in church. Everybody loved her, she was so pleasant and kind when in company. Her father, the giant, called her 'Sunbeam,' and the giant's wife, 'Rosebud.' It was the easiest thing in the world to be happy when everybody tried to make life pleasant for her; and Sunbeam's was called by all the old women and aunts a 'lovely disposition.' Now Sunbeam's little sister had also a very pretty face, but not as handsome as her sister's. She had been told so ever since she could remember. Her mother had often said, 'Oh, dear Margaret! I wish you were more like Sunbeam.' And even the old giant, when he came home to supper, kissed Sunbeam on each cheek, and Margaret on one.

"It was very hard for the little girl to bear; for often when she was in her own room she had to listen to unkind remarks from Sunbeam; and her little arms were black and blue where the girl with the 'lovely disposition' pinched her, and poor Margaret never dared tell. You see even the lovely Sunbeam had a little of old Adam in her, and, like a good many people who are very nice in society, she reserved all her ill-nature for home; worse than this, Sunbeam reserved it all for poor Margaret. Now the good Father above, who watches over all his children, had something for this little girl to do in his world, and this was the way he took to teach her patience and submission.

"Little Margaret was a long time learning

her hard lesson. The giant was cross to her and kind to Sunbeam; and her loving little heart grew sore every day. She used to run away and cry, sometimes, until she would cry herself to sleep.

"One night Sunbeam was crosser than ever, and the old giant had boxed Margaret's ears because she stepped on his lame toe, and even the great dog snapped at her; and at last poor little Margaret ran from the room, and ran and ran, until she found herself in the very top of the castle, and the stars were looking down upon her.

"She put her little hands on the broad window-sill and looked out into the night. She could not cry; her throat throbbed and burned, and her little heart gave great thumps of pain, and by and by she looked up at the beautiful stars, and said, 'O God! dear God! please just give me one person to love me and be kind to me!' And then the tears poured down, and the little girl fell asleep on the floor of the room.

"That night little Margaret dreamed about a beautiful garden, and a king was walking in it. When Margaret met him in one of the paths, she started to run away, but the king said only two words in such a beautiful voice the little girl ran at once into his arms. The words were, 'My daughter,'—nothing more; and then Margaret told him all her troubles,—how Sunbeam hurt her, and her father was cross, and all went wrong at home.

"'Be patient, child,' said the king; 'your time is coming. Learn to govern yourself, and compel them to love you.'

"'I have tried so hard!' said the poor little girl. 'But they always say, "It is only Margaret," and nobody cares.'

"The king comforted her, and patted her head softly; and then Margaret heard the sweetest music she had ever listened to, and the king went away. When Margaret waked



up, she found her old nurse standing over her, saying, —

“ ‘Pears like they will worry my honey to death; and the Lord knows she's got a heart worth six of the other Missy's!’ ”

“ Little Margaret sprang up, and put both arms around old Sally's neck, and kissed her.

“ ‘O Nursey,’ she said, ‘I have had such a nice time! I dreamed the king loved me, and now I know *you* do.’ ”

“ And then Aunt Sally told her how dearly she loved her little honey, and how she never dared say nofin', she was so still like, and how she had prayed and prayed that the Lord would raise her up for a big work; and Margaret sat in the old woman's lap and cried for joy.

“ ‘Mind dis, honey: when de Lord has a big bit of work for some of us to do, he allus gives us a hard time of it to try our souls. You don't 'spect he's a-gwine to give chillen teachers that don't know nothing; he makes 'em walk through de fire and smoke fust, and he begins when we're little. No account folks slip along easy, 'cause de Lord hain't nothing special for 'em to do.’ ”

“ It is years and years since then. The old giant has grown gray, and his wife can always please him by talking of our Margaret. For the lonely little girl is a grand woman now, with plenty of good, kind friends, who love her and call her ‘our dear Margaret.’ ”

“ I bet I'd 'a' kicked that old Sunbeam,” said the Doctor, while he practised kicking on an apple-tree.

“ What do you think of boys who tell their grown-up cousins they ‘hate’ them?” asked Tom.

The Doctor gave the apple-tree a vigorous kick, but said nothing.

“ Well, Doctor, I'll forgive you,” said Cousin Tom, “ provided you learn a little patience before my next visit.”

The supper-bell rang at the next house,

and the children scampered away. Sadie lingered a little at the gate, to say “ Thank you ” to Cousin Tom.

“ He didn't give you any thing, what you thank him for?” asked the Doctor.

Sadie looked puzzled.

“ For telling her of a friend who always speaks kindly, and who loves us ever,” said Tom. — *American Homes.*

### PICNIC TRIPLETS.

(Semi-*Impromptu.*)

THERE's a time for all things, the wise men say:

A time to work and a time to play;

A time to be grave and a time to be gay.

A time to be thinking and studying;

A time to leave off and dance and sing;

A time, in short, for every thing.

For every thing there is a time,

For babies to creep and for boys to climb,

For the jingle of bells and the jingle of rhyme.

A time for every thing on earth,

A time for mourning, a time for mirth,

A time for death and a time for birth.

And earth has a time for every thing,

For buds to open and birds to sing,

For trees to blossom and grass to spring;

A time for sunshine, a time for showers;

A time for fruits and a time for flowers;

A time to build barns and a time to build bowers.

There's a time for summer's bloom to die,

A time for autumn winds to sigh

Over the beauty and glory gone by.

A time for old Sexton Winter to heap

The snow o'er the naked earth, to keep

The spring seeds warm in the long night sleep.

There's a time and a season in nature for all, —

For stars to set and leaves to fall,

For the swallow's flight and the cuckoo's call.

For all things there is time and room

In God's good world: for blight and bloom;

For gladness and sadness; but none for gloom.

There's a time for all things, the wise men say:  
A time to be grave and a time to be gay;  
And a time to be happy, and that is to-day.

There's a time for toil and a time for ease;  
A time for the sail to catch the breeze;  
A time for the keel to plough the sea.

There's a time for thought to wrinkle the brow,  
And care with his furrows the forehead to plough;  
And a time to smooth them, and that is now.

There's a time for all things under the sun:  
A time to begin and a time to have done  
And write the word *Finis*, and this is one.

C. T. B.

### HOW A LITTLE BOY SAVED A TRAIN FROM DESTRUCTION.

LAST Tuesday the Cincinnati day express, going east, left Connersville on time, and was flying on its way at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, when, approaching a bridge over a river a few miles from Connersville, the engineer noticed a small boy in the middle of the track, motioning wildly with his arms. The heavy rains for several days before had caused the man at the throttle no little anxiety; and in a moment it flashed over his mind that the bridge, but a very short distance ahead, was at least damaged by the freshet. With one hand he reached for the whistle, and with the other he reversed the engine. The train employes heard no ordinary stopping-signal in the keen, sharp whistle, and in a moment conductor, baggageman, and all the train employes were helping the regular brakemen wind the chains, that were perhaps the only hopes of saving the lives of all on board. The train was stopped within but a few steps of where the bridge once rested on the abutment. The structure had been washed entirely away; and had it not been for the boy, the entire train would have gone into the river, as the bridge was just at the end of a curve, and so hidden by trees that its disappearance would not have been

noticed until too late. As soon as the passengers had gotten over the shock the full realization of their danger had caused a search was made for the boy. He was found sitting down, off to one side of the track, shaking as if he had a chill, so badly was he frightened. Every one on the train flocked around the brave little fellow, who said he was eleven years old, and almost crushed him in their joyful anxiety to even touch his body. He innocently said he did not begin shaking until he sat down, thereby showing that not until he had seen the train stop in safety did his nerves give way. He said his name was Davis, and that he lived near by, pointing to a farm-house. He was on his way home from a neighbor's, when he discovered that the bridge had been washed away since passing an hour previous. He remembered the down passenger-train, and knowing it was about time it came along, hurried up the track to give warning. He had only arrived at the spot where he was noticed by the engineer when the train came along. Ind. Sentinel.

### DIVINE PEACE.

PEACE upon peace, like wave on wave,  
This the portion that I crave;

The peace of God which passeth thought,  
The peace of Christ which changeth not.

Peace like the river's gentle flow,  
Peace like the morning's silent glow,  
From day to-day, in love supplied,  
An endless and unebbing tide.

Peace through the night and through the day,  
Peace through all the windings of our way,  
In pain and toil and weariness,  
A deep and everlasting peace.

O King of peace, this peace bestow  
Upon a stranger here below!  
O God of peace, thy peace impart  
To every troubled, trembling heart. Bonar.





## THE DEATH OF JACOB.

OUR readers know something of the story of the life of the patriarch Jacob, as it is related in the Book of Genesis. He was the son of Isaac, and the grandson of Abraham, the father of the Jewish race. There were twelve sons born unto him. These sons had families, which were the beginnings of

the twelve tribes of Israel. Their names, in the order of their birth, were, Reuben, Simeon, Levi, Judah, Dan, Naphtali, Gad, Asher, Issachar, Zebulon, Joseph, and Benjamin. Eleven of these were born in a country north-east of Canaan, when Jacob was living with his uncle Laban. Benjamin was born

in Canaan, near Bethlehem, after Jacob had left the Eastern country.

Jacob with his large family lived for some years in Canaan, near Hebron. How jealous some of the brothers were of Joseph, and what they did with him, our readers all know. They have, probably, read the interesting story of Joseph many times.

By and by the famine came. Jacob went down into Egypt, taking with him the eleven sons and all their families, to live with his long-lost Joseph. There he lived in peace and happiness for seventeen years. The time came when he felt that death was near. He summoned his twelve sons, and gave each his blessing. The scene is described in Genesis xlix.

In the picture, the twelve sons are seen gathered about the old man. They are affected not only with solemnity, but with wonder; for the departing patriarch reads the character of each, and seems to speak in prophetic tones. He is there represented as grasping the hand of Joseph, who bends affectionately over him, and pronouncing with great fervor the blessings of the Almighty upon him.

Soon after blessing his sons Jacob died. His body was embalmed, taken back to Canaan, and placed in the family tomb at Hebron.

### KATIE LEARNING TO READ.

KATIE was not a bad girl; but she was very careless, and did not give her mind to any thing serious. Her mother had been sick, and could not take care of her. So Katie became a little rude in her actions, and did not obey any one very well.

When Katie was seven years old, her mother died. Then Katie went to live with her grand-mother. She had not learned to read; did not even know the names of the letters. This made grand-mother very much ashamed for her, and led her to try to teach her how to read. But Katie would not attend. She would look at the pictures on the walls, at the flowers in the vase, — anywhere but on the book.

Grand-mother was for many days very patient. But the little girl was so heedless, the grand-mother had to tell her one day to go away and grow up a dunce, if she wished. Katie went out of the room, and began to play with her doll. But she soon felt troubled. She knew she was not doing right. She went softly to the door, and, looking into the room, saw grand-mother sitting so still, with her spec-ta-cles in one hand, and the book in the other, and looking so sad, that her heart was touched.

Katie then went to her grand-mother, just as is seen in the picture, stretched up to her ear, and whispered that she would not act so any more, and asked her grand-mother's pardon. It was freely given. Katie tried her best afterwards to attend to her lessons; and in a year she learned to read quite well. She goes to school now, and is a very



good scholar. She makes grandmother very happy every day by reading to her.

### THE KITTIES' GRANDMA.

GRANDMA-CATS don't very often care for their grand-kittens. But I know two little Maltese kittens that have the nicest grandma that ever any little kittens had.

Such pretty kittens as they are! So soft and gentle and cunning! Grandma-cat, mamma-cat, and little kitty-cats lying down together in a bunch, are just the prettiest picture that can be found in all the cat-world.

Grandma-cat is named "Beale." I don't think it is a pretty name for a cat. But she is not to blame for it, as it was none of her choosing. She has not given her daughter any name. Maybe, she thought common cats had got all the good names, and it was better to have no name at all than a poor one.

The kitties are named "Bill" and "May." They are good names. Of course "May" is prettier than "Bill." I mean the names. Of the kitties, you can't tell which is the prettier, however hard you try; and they are good kitties, as they ought to be, with a mamma and a grandma to take care of them.

On the *seventeenth of June*, there was a big noise. The bells rang, the cannons boomed, and the boys blowed fish-horns! Grandma-cat had never heard any thing like it in all her life. She was born and brought up on a great farm in the town of Groton. The cows might *moo* and the sheep *baa*, and it would not frighten her a bit. She wasn't afraid of the church-bell either, ringing a mile away. But she had moved to the city, and, though she was getting used to city sounds and ways, she didn't know what to make of the big *booms*! and the sharp *toots*! and so many *ding-dongs*!

So grandma-cat told mamma-cat there was an earthquake, or something, and they must look out for the kitties! That frightened mamma-cat. Then grandma-cat took "Bill" in her mouth, and mamma-cat took "May"; and up-stairs and up-stairs they went; and the first thing "Bill" and "May" knew, they were in a dark closet, and were told to keep very still, or something dreadful would happen.

The little kitties stayed there with their mother, while grandma went back and forth, and kept a good watch all day. When danger was over, she went up and told them; and then "Bill" and "May" had a ride down-stairs, and could play in the shed again. Grandma

purred, and looked very proud and happy; and wondered what became of kitties that had no grandmas.

I think it was better for "Bill" and "May" to be where they were that day, than to have gone out to see the great pro-ces-sion. When they get old and tell their grand-kitties about the "Great Cen-ten-ni-al," they can tell them about the good wise grandma who kept her grand-kitties safe all that day in a dark closet. And then the little great-great-grand-kitties will bless the memory of their great-great-grandma.

For The Dayspring.

JACK GREEN.

Oh! was it not mean  
Of little Jack Green  
To climb up the weeping elm tree,  
And take from the nest  
Of the Robin Red-breast  
Her dear little eggs, *one, two, three?*

He tore his new vest  
Climbing down from the nest,  
And scratched both his hands and his feet.  
Would his mother have known,  
Had she met him alone,  
Her boy, once so tidy and neat?

Every bird in the town  
Seemed to come flying down,  
And hovered around the poor nest.  
They uttered such cries,  
(It brought tears to Jack's eyes!)  
In pity for Robin Red-Breast.

Then naughty Jack Green,  
Quite ashamed to be seen,  
Pulled his straw hat down over his eyes,  
And started to run,  
But found it no fun;  
It could not drown poor Robin's cries.

But right on the street  
He happened to meet  
His good little friend, Robbie White,  
Who said to Jack Green:  
"You're not fit to be seen!  
How came you in such a sad plight?"  
"So you've robbed a bird's nest?  
And you've torn your new vest!  
Don't I hear the poor Robin Red cry?  
How could you do so?  
It was mean, Jack, you know;  
I could not steal birds' eggs, *not I.*"

"The best thing for you,—  
And the best you can do,—  
Is to put the eggs back in the nest!  
You know, Jack, it's wrong;  
Birds are weak, *you are strong*;  
Take pity on Robin Red-Breast."

Then brave little Jack  
Turned about and went back,  
And climbed again up in the tree.  
And when he came down,  
And walked through the town,  
No happier boy could you see!

AUNT CLARA.

## WHAT WOULD YOU THINK?

BY "PROXY."

WHEN walking out some summer's day,  
What if a little bird should call,  
And on your shoulders perch and say,  
"Speak well of all, or not at all!"  
What would you think?

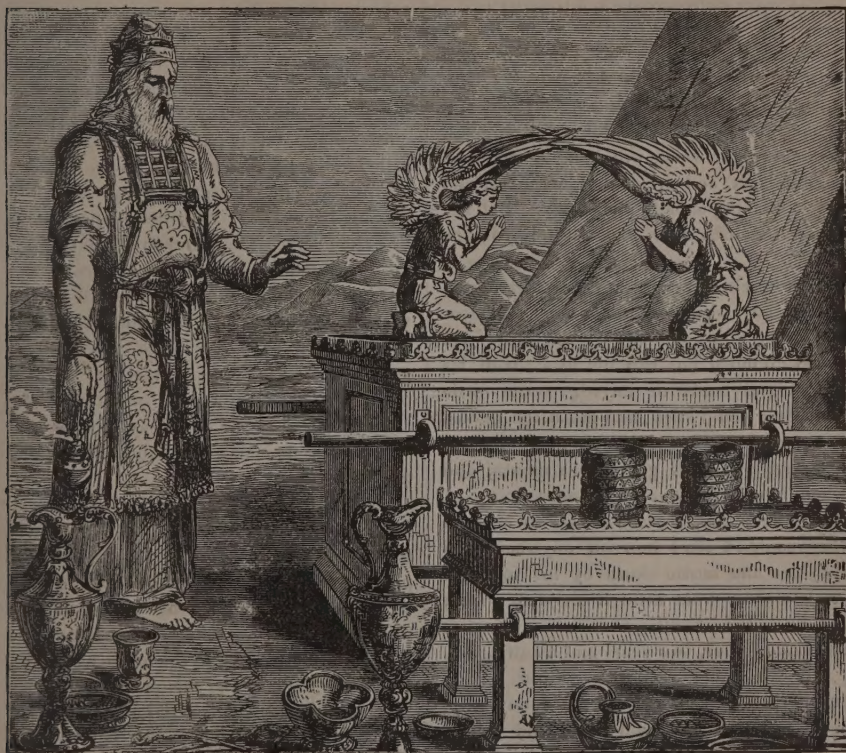
What if you chased and caught for fun  
An airy, gaudy butterfly;  
And on its wings there in the sun  
You plainly saw the words, "Don't lie!"  
What would you think?

What if you watched an opening rose  
Spread all its petals to the air,  
And to your wondering gaze disclose  
Two little warning words, "Don't swear!"  
What would you think?

What if you sought to rob the birds,  
And hunted for their nests with zeal,  
But found each egg traced o'er with words  
As plain as print, "Dear boy, don't steal!"  
What would you think?

Christian Union.





### THE ARK OF THE COVENANT.

THIS is a representation of the sacred chest that was kept in the innermost apartment of the tabernacle. It was overlaid with pure gold, within and without. The top, or lid, was called the mercy-seat. Upon it were two golden cherubim facing each other, whose outstretched wings met, forming an arch above it. It was here, between the cherubim, that God was supposed to manifest his presence. It was towards the

mercy-seat the Israelites prayed; and from it the answer of God was supposed to come. The ark was, therefore, to them the most sacred of things.

Beside the ark is seen the table for the shew-bread, with its twelve consecrated loaves; and near it is the high-priest, clad in the vestments of his office, and bearing the burning censer.

For The Dayspring.

### "LITTLE ROSIE'S" TROUBLE.

"LITTLE ROSIE" is what we call her, because she was a little feeble baby; and, though now two years and a half old, is a little cunning girl, with round black eyes, and dark hair which will hang down upon her forehead, and creep into her eyes, and is just cunning enough for a baby. But she is not the baby now, and I'll tell you the reason.

Last week, one fine morning there came a little boy with very black hair, and eyes shut very close, and a very red face. He didn't do much but rub his fists about his mouth and neck, or anywhere the little red claws would stick, and make the oddest faces, and squirmed about in his blanket, and cried when it got in his mouth, and when it didn't. But his mamma and papa had to keep him, because he was so helpless they couldn't send him off anywhere; so they let him nestle down by his mamma. And this was what little Rosie didn't like; for she had slept with her mamma ever since she came to her, two years and a half ago.

They told her it was her little "baby brother," and she handled his funny little red fingers and crimson toes, and talked her cunning little talk to him, and was very well pleased with it.

All that day she ran round after her papa, and slept in his arms that night, and while she was sound asleep the next morning he took the cars for Boston.

After breakfast was over, she begged to go over to her grandpa's who lived near, and stayed till after supper.

But, when she came home, she didn't find her papa there. It was getting dark, her mamma was lying in bed with the little baby in her arms, the nurse was a strange woman to her, and the girl in the kitchen was a new

one, and she began to feel very lonely and sober. After sitting very still a long time, she walked slowly to her mamma's room, and edging up to the bed began to pat her mamma's face in her cunning, coaxing way, but didn't want to say much except to inquire for her "dear papa," as she had always called him, and wish he were home.

After a time, she grew sleepy and they put on her nightie, and was to put her in bed alone, when she began to cry and moan for her mamma to take her in her arms.

You see she couldn't understand why it was that she, who had been the little pet so long, should have her place taken all at once by such a little crimson fellow; and, the more they tried to soothe her, the harder she cried, and all she could say was, —

"Please, mamma, put babim down, and take Ro-ro."

At last her mamma did give the baby to the nurse, and took her in her arms, and called her pet names and sang about her papa's return; but she had cried so long then that she wouldn't be comforted, for somehow the little thing realized that she hadn't the same place in the house as before. It was the first trouble she had known since she came there, but it was just as hard for her to bear as it will be for her to bear other troubles that must come upon her if she grows older, that will be a deal harder in themselves.

After crying till her mother was crying too, she begged for her auntie from her grandpa's to be sent for. It was one that had petted her almost as much as her papa, and with a childish craving for love, that she felt the little brother had robbed her of, she clung sobbing to her auntie and was wrapped up, and in her nightie went home to stay the night, and be comforted. There! don't you think that was pretty hard trouble for a little girl? The little brother rubbed his



fist in his mouth, and didn't know, or care what all the sobbing meant, and I suspect that made it seem a deal worse.

Her papa came the next day, bringing her goodies as promised, and taking a little gold bib-pin from his pocket asked her, —

"Who is that for?"

"Ro-ro," came promptly from the smiling lips.

No wonder she was so sure of it, for it was the first time any little dainty, childish gift had come into that house for any one save herself.

"No; it is for little brother."

"No little babim bobim have litty pin, Ro-ro have it;" and she began to cry again to see how the little fellow kept in her place in her mamma's arms, and seemed to get the nurse and papa to help him rob his little sister.

I hope she will begin to understand pretty soon that she will have to share all her goodies and pretties with the round-fisted robber, don't you?

C. D. NICKERSON.

### COALS OF FIRE.

FRANK BLACK was the meanest boy I ever went to school with. But he was once effectually cured of showing any of it to his schoolmates, and I will tell you how it was. For some time many of his class had "cut" him; his mean ways having become quite unbearable, and the crowning point of our indignation was reached one day when it was discovered he had had a box from home, and, contrary to the rules of etiquette of long standing in the school, was eating its contents on the sly.

That afternoon, at the ball-ground, "our room" held a solemn consultation, and one proposed to take his box and hide it till he should beg the pardon of us all, or make a

suitable apology. He went and found nothing was left but a few crumbs and cores of apples, and another consultation was held. "I'll fix it," said Bob Williams, the most generous one of us all. "Take up a ten-cent collection, and we'll fill his box for him with goodies, and I'll pay you all back if it doesn't work well." We consented; and that night, when Frank went to his chest where the box was, his look of amazement was amusing. A more awkward scene never took place than after Bob made a neat speech, presenting it in the name of the class. Frank crept into bed without a word, and we all followed his example. But the next morning he begged us to take the good things for ourselves, and the next box from home was offered in the same way. It is a good thing to see our own faults in contrast to others' good traits. — *Christian Weekly*.

### WHICH IS KING?

"I," said the HEAD, "for I am wise;  
I am the king, I can devise;  
Without me you would fail to plan;  
I am the sun-crowned gift of man."

"I," said the HEART, "for I can feel;  
I am the chief, I can reveal  
The life that pants within, and you  
Without me would not be so true."

"I," said the HAND, "for I can do  
The very things that each of you  
Suggest: the pulsing heart may throb,  
The head may think; I do the job."

O busy HAND and HEAD and HEART,  
Each can do little when apart!  
Think, throb, and toil in union here,  
For each is king within his sphere.

Children's Friend.

No cross, no crown.

BETTER be called a fool for doing right than be a fool in doing wrong.

## IN THE WOODS.

THE chestnuts, swayed by the wandering breeze,  
Flutter and dance in joy and gladness;  
High above me, the grand pine-trees  
Sigh and moan their notes of sadness.  
Stern and strong, they stand like the hoary  
Saints of many a legend old, —  
Round their heads the parting glory  
Casts a halo of sunny gold.  
A brook, reflecting the summer sky,  
Tells its tales to the listening sedges;  
Or softly soothes with a lullaby  
The nodding flowers upon its edges.  
They never look at the bright blue heaven  
That on the tree-tops seems to rest;  
A nearer heaven to them is given, —  
'Tis mirrored in the brooklet's breast.  
Would I could stand as a saint of old,  
Crowned with a halo, — a life of prayer, —  
Striving still for heights untold,  
Breathing naught but heaven's pure air.  
But sweeter still, as a merry brook,  
To sing sweet songs of life or rest,  
While lovingly down the flowers look,  
Their heaven to see in its pure clear breast.  
But I cannot sing as that merry brook  
To temper the sound of the pines' sad swell:  
With the flowers and ferns I can but look,  
And list to the music I love so well.

## Puzzles.

16.

## CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in low, and in lofty too;  
My second is in old, so never in new;  
My third is always seen in vine;  
My fourth is in cave, and also in mine;  
My fifth is in youth, but not in age;  
My sixth is in word, but not in page;  
My seventh is in study, but not in play;  
My eighth in reward, but not in pay;  
My ninth is in early, and also in late;  
My tenth in pencil, not in slate;  
My eleventh is in Venus, but never in Mars;  
My twelfth is in moon, but not in stars;  
My thirteenth in learning, and of course in wise;  
My fourteenth is always seen in eyes;  
My fifteenth is in finished, but not in through;  
My whole you should ever strive to do.

N. E. K.

17.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A precious stone, with raised figure wrought;  
Upon the heated iron downward brought;  
Mistakes in printed books, so often seen;  
A noted bird of prey, of sombre mien;  
The noise of leaves, when stirred by summer breeze;  
By Jesus given is light and worn with ease.  
Two fruits: the one in coat of red, behold;  
The other, richly clad in gold.

18.

## BEHEADED PUZZLE.

I cried: Can Peace be found then — ?  
A mocking echo answered, — ?  
I sighed; Some spirit, tell me — ?  
A voice within me answered, — !

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

13. — The mother heard a sudden *crash*;  
The youngster was exceeding *rash*;  
He hid himself behind an *ash*,  
And to his comrades whispered, "*ah!*"
14. — On through the mud the urchin *splashes*;  
The rain upon the pavement *plashes*;  
The drops come trickling down his *lashes*;  
He goes and warms him by the *ashes*.

15. — JUNE

U R A L  
N A I L  
E L L A

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